

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope
Hot Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower will you sit down?
and vnclé Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is, sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin *Hot*.
spur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sight he wisheth you
in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fire shapes
Of burning creissets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bin
borne.

Glen. I say the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strang eruptions, of the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pinch and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeple and mosgrowne Towers. At your birth
Our grundam earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men
I do not beare these crosing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

Henry the fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh,
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you coosen to command the diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coose, to shame the diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuel,
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and shame the diuell.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of VVye,
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weathertoo?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All westward, VVales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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And